

"MR. WILSON KNOWS GERMAN PEACE TERMS"—ENEMY STATEMENT

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

A SINGLE SHELL CAUSED ALL
THIS DAMAGE. *G 11915 T*



Wrecked house on the Lorraine front. The photograph is interesting as it shows the extraordinary amount of damage that a single shell can create.—(French War Office.)

MYSTERY OF THE DEATH OF
THE MONK RASPUTIN. *P 150 Q*

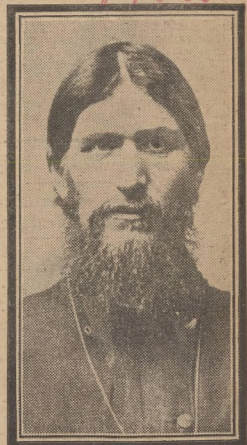


Prince Youssouppoff, whose name is associated with the death of the monk Rasputin, and his wife, a niece of the Tsar. The Prince was at Oxford as Count Soumarokoff-Elston, and is well known in London. The body of the monk was recovered from an ice hole in the Neva. It is stated that he was killed at the Petrograd house of one of the most aristocratic families in Russia and was afterwards thrown into the river. *P 150 Q*

WHO IS THIS JOLLY BOY? *P 19329*



A six-year-old boy who arrived at Hertford from the north with a letter addressed to Esther M. Aggleton. He was handed over to the guard on the Hertford train, beyond which nothing is known of him. He is now at the local workhouse.



Rasputin, who was one of the pivots of the Germanophil forces in Russia. *P 16305*

FROM OFFICE STOOL TO CABBAGE PATCH.

Clerks and Typists as War Time Gardeners in London.

GIRL WORKER'S SCHEME.

"Why not give typists and clerks a chance to use their spare time in town in the cultivation of food on London's vacant land and useless squares?"

A young woman typist of twenty, employed in the Strand, made this suggestion to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"I have half an hour to spare every lunch time," she points out.

"There are also thousands of men and women in London in the same position, and there are tens of thousands of office workers who, during the coming spring and summer, would be only too delighted to come up to town half an hour earlier in the morning and leave half an hour later in the evening in order to devote work to such a healthy and profitable work."

There is no question of more urgent importance at the present time than the production at home of as large a quantity of food as possible, and the idea of this woman correspondent of *The Daily Mirror*, if applied and extended to every large city throughout the country, would undoubtedly produce a considerable quantity of food of great value to the nation as a whole.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

The President of the Board of Trade states that if the whole of the 14,000 acres of derelict land in the London area could be brought into cultivation, "the value of the produce would equal that produced at present by 1,000,000 acres of poor pasture."

"There is no doubt that at least 10,000 acres of London's vacant land could easily be cultivated for the growth of vegetables, etc.," Mr. John Gorman, the hon. secretary of the Vacant Land Cultivation Society, told *The Daily Mirror*.

"We are already cultivating 120 acres ourselves—cut up into plots of ten square rods

SIR D. HAIG'S MESSAGE TO LABOUR.

Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig has sent the following letter to Mr. Ben Tillett:

"You can tell Labour at home that the best of all Christmas presents that they can make to their comrades in the field is the assurance that, so far as in them lies, nothing during the coming year shall hinder the regular, constant and increasing output of munitions and material.

The workers have done splendidly in the past; we look for even greater efforts in the future.

If the men and women workers at home and the troops in the trenches pull together, the triumph of our cause is certain.

each, which we find from experience is sufficient for a family or party of five persons.

"Your correspondent's suggestion is a good one."

"The office workers could be given first lessons in the preparation of the land by instructors, and there is no reason why such a scheme should not be a success."

"It is just as easy to grow the vegetables in London as in any part of the country."

"At the present moment valuable crops of the following vegetables are being grown on London land that was formerly all waste:—

"Potatoes, cabbages, onions, turnips, parsnips, beans, carrots, beet, lettuce, shallots, cauliflowers, peas, winter greens, celery, leeks, rhubarb, vegetable marrow, spinach, radish, tomatoes, herbs, artichokes, cucumbers and sea-kale."

"Almost every square yard of London's waste soil could be made to produce food. Now is the time to start, for frost may come later, making the ground too hard to dig."

Sir Richard Witley, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, has testified to the fact that crops grown in London are quite on a par with crops produced in Lincolnshire on the best soil and under the best possible conditions."

NEW WAR LOAN.

5½ per Cent. Interest Likely—Some Popular Features.

The best information to be obtained in this City yesterday as to the approaching great War Loan is that:—

It will be issued early next week at the latest. The terms will be such as to yield about 5½ per cent.

Subscribers will have the option of taking a yield of 4 to 4½ per cent. interest free of income-tax, instead of a yield of 5½ per cent. subject to income-tax.

There will be some minor features calculated to popularise the loan.

The amount will be unlimited, because beside the huge amount of cash awaiting investment at this time of the year, practically all the holders of 4½ per cent. War Loan (£500,000,000) and of the Exchequer Bonds (£500,000,000) will subscribe in paper.

The object will be besides raising new money to pay off more than £1,000,000,000 of Treasury Bills.



A Mitcham family get to work on their war plot.

CAMP TRAGEDY.

R.A.M.C. Officer Found Dead in Aldershot Trench Practice Field.

SERGEANT REMANDED.

What is supposed to be a case of murder has occurred at Aldershot.

The body of William Waterson, Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the R.A.M.C., stationed at the Isolation Hospital, was found, it was reported yesterday, in a trench near a disused military pigeon loft, his head having been battered in.

In connection with the affair Sergeant O'Donnell, of A Company, R.A.M.C., was remanded by the magistrate yesterday morning.

The tragic fate of the lieutenant, says an Aldershot correspondent, has shocked and puzzled the whole garrison.

When found he had apparently been dead some hours and the body bore unmistakable signs of a grim struggle.

There were severe injuries about the head, and these were probably the direct cause of death.

The place where the body was found is a stretch of rough gorse land, and is only used for training and trench digging.

A later message says further developments have now come to light.

Lieutenant Waterson left his quarters late on Monday afternoon to pay a visit to the Connaught Hospital. That was the last time he was seen alive.

The police sent out search parties, but deceased was not found until late yesterday afternoon.

His body was lying in a trench on a rough piece of ground about halfway between the Isolation Hospital and the Connaught Hospital.

In the locality was found a disused handbrush which had apparently been loaded with lead, and it was evident this was the implement which had caused the injuries.

NATION'S HEAD FARMER.

Appointment of Agricultural Director—Lord Cowdray's Post.

It is officially announced that the Duke of Portland has placed the services of his Scottish agent, Mr. J. Harling Turner, unreservedly at the disposal of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who has appointed him to be director of the new agricultural section of the National Service Department.

Mr. Chamberlain has appointed Mr. Arthur Collins to be general secretary of the National Service Department.

Mr. Collins is an official of the Birmingham Corporation, who, since 1915, has been acting as secretary to the finance committee of the Ministry of Munitions and as private secretary to Mr. S. H. Lever.

The Exchange Telegraph Company says that Lord Cowdray, who has just been appointed to the chairmanship of the Air Board, will be the new Air Minister, and in that capacity will represent the Department in the House of Lords. In the House of Commons the Department will have as its spokesman as heretofore, Major Baird, M.P.

PROMENADE FALLS IN SEA

Huge Landslide at Broadstairs—700 Tons of Front Slips Away.

Without any warning 70ft. of the Western Promenade at Broadstairs slipped quietly a distance of 65ft. into the sea during the night.

Fortunately the landslide occurred at this time, as during the day the promenade and the sands beneath are popular resorts for visitors walking from Ramsgate to Broadstairs.

Two soldiers had lucky escapes. They saw the 700 tons of chalk and earth sliding into the water.

The debris forms a huge pile, under which are buried the rails of the promenade.

The work of rebuilding the cliff walk will fall upon the local authorities at Broadstairs. The fall is the heaviest the Ramsgate district has had for some years.

'NOT PROUD OF NAVY.'

German Sailors Explain Defeat at Jutland—An English Wife.

ENORMOUS U BOAT LOSSES.

The people of Kiel are suffering from the scarcity of foodstuffs, and have had enough of the war, says a writer in the *Amsterdam Telegraf*.

Disturbances have been frequent, but not of a serious character.

Workmen at the Germania Works became rebellious owing to bad treatment and low wages. The malcontents were sent to the front and replaced by others.

A considerable number of Bulgarian and Austrian officers are at Kiel, visiting the training school for submarines.

Seventy per cent. of the German submarine officers belong to the reserve.

A vast number of submarines and torpedo boats are being constructed at Kiel. The submarine losses have been enormous.

The super-Dreadnought Bismarck, Germany's largest warship, is now ready.

Sailors who participated in the Skagerak battle were not proud of the result. The Koenig, Seydlitz and Derfflinger were very badly damaged. The Westfalen escaped in fairly good condition.

Sailors try to explain the defeat in the Skagerak by saying that the commander of Helgoland, who has an English wife living in England, betrayed secrets of the German Navy to England.

German naval circles, though declaring their belief in the superiority of the German Navy, say that British sailors fight with furber energy, and are not afraid of death.—Reuter.

ARMED MERCHANTMEN.

First Lord's Statement of Sailors' Rights—German Quibble.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that efforts are being made in German Wireless Press messages to cast doubt upon the strictly defensive character of the armament carried by British merchant ships. In support of this they use unofficial comments that appear from time to time in British newspapers.

In this connection the policy of the Government is quite clear.

The First Lord of the Admiralty stated in the House of Commons on December 21 that the merchant seaman enjoys the right of defending his ship against attack or search by the enemy, but he must not seek out the enemy to attack him.

The Government could not admit any distinction between the rights of unarmed merchant ships and those armed for defensive purposes.

THOUSANDS OF HEROES.

Some of the Regiments That Won Fame and Glory at Somme Battle.

How splendidly the infantry acquitted themselves in the great Somme offensive is shown in to-day's supplement to the *London Gazette*. Thousands of men in this branch of the Army are mentioned by Sir Douglas Haig for "distinguished and gallant services and devotion to duty." Among well-known names are the following:—

GRENADEER GUARDS (thirty-two mentioned).—Lieutenant (Temporary Captain) P. G. Bonham-Carter, Lieutenant (Temporary Captain) O. Lydell, D.S.O., Lieutenant Raymond Asquith (killed), Colonel (Temporary Lieutenant-Colonel) the Hon. G. V. Baring.

SCOTS GUARDS (twenty mentioned).—Captain Sir J. Colquhoun, Bart., D.S.O., Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. A. McCalmont, Captain Hon. R. R. G. Alexander, D.S.O., M.C., Lieutenant M. R. Holy-Hutchinson.

ROYAL SCOTS (thirty-nine mentioned).—Hon. Colonel Lord H. Montagu-Douglas-Scott.

Six officers in the Welsh Guards are also mentioned. Among the officers of the Royal West Kent Regiment mentioned is Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, M.P.

HOW CAN THE ARMY GET MORE DOCTORS?

Some Suggestions for Meeting a Pressing Problem.

HELP FROM AMERICA.

How can more doctors be found for the Army?

For some time past the Government have been very anxious about the supply of medical men for the front, without depleting the supply of medical men at home for the service of the civilian population.

Various suggestions have from time to time been made to the military authorities. Here are some of them:—

(1) That field ambulances might be done away with altogether, setting free thirty doctors in each division for other work.

(2) That the medical unit should be not the division, as at present, but the Army.

(3) That the services of doctors should not be wasted on purely clerical work.

(4) That it is wasteful to keep a full complement of doctors to serve on the field ambulances of the Army in training at home.

One of the latest suggestions under the consideration of the military authorities is that the young medical men now serving in hospitals at home should be replaced by American doctors.

According to Dr. Cox, of the British Medical Association, hosts of young American doctors had volunteered their services to this country in the war, but they could not be given commissions in the Army.

If, however, they could be substituted for young English doctors in the hospitals at home the latter could then take up commissions and serve with the forces in the field, he contended.

IS THERE A WASTAGE?

A distinguished medical man with wide knowledge of America and a big practice in Mayfair discussed the problem with *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. He held that there is an enormous wastage of medical material in the Army.

"Assuming that you bring American doctors over here, how are you going to ensure the keeping up of the standard required of them?"

"We are all familiar with the fact that the qualifications of medical men in the United States vary greatly, and there would be no possibility of finding out the capacity of each individual until he arrives here."

"And how are you suppose they would stand socially and professionally with their English colleagues?"

"There is not the slightest doubt that here and there in scientific research Americans could be found who are as competent as the scientists of other nations."

"As a matter of fact, there is no dearth of medical men in those parts of London where the hospitals are."

"The dearth of medical men is in the country, and this is due to the fact that the doctors usually practising there have gone into the services."

GIRL IN ARMY'S RETREAT

Surrey Teacher's Train Journey Across Rumania Under Fire.

Miss Louisa Taylor, daughter of Dr. M. H. Taylor, coroner for Kingston, who for some years has been teaching in the school at Craiova, in Rumania, has just reached home after an exciting and adventurous journey.

Miss Taylor took up Red Cross work, and was engaged in nursing when the Germans entered Craiova on November 20.

On reaching the hospital that day she was advised by the medical superintendent to leave at once and not even to go back for a change of clothing, as the Germans were to make an immediate return of all British subjects.

Taking this advice Miss Taylor walked along the railway and eventually came up with the retreating Rumanian Army, the train she caught and the Army kept pace with one another for five or six days, until they reached Bukarest. Once a day she got only one piece of bread.

While Miss Taylor was in the retreat with the Rumanian Army to Bukarest the train was bombed, and she was under shell fire almost the whole of the way.

The engineers of the famous Rumanian oil wells told her that they had so effectively dealt with the wells that the enemy would be unable to use them for a couple of years.

The Germans got 300,000 wagon-loads of grain and hundreds of thousands of cattle, however, she was told.

SEASON TICKET PENDANT.

Magistrate Wears It Tied Round His Neck with Red Tape.

As a protest against the new regulations insisting upon the production of season tickets, Major R. L. Thornton, D.L., J.P., appeared among the magistrates at East Quarter Sessions wearing his ticket suspended round his neck by a piece of red tape.

Major Thornton is a barrister, chairman of East Sussex Appeal Tribunal and ex-chairman of the East Sussex County Council.

ENTENTE CAN LEARN PEACE TERMS FROM MR. WILSON

**Declaration Made by Enemy Statesman—
Great Parley in Berlin on January 18.**

GERMANS CLAIM MORE GAINS IN RUMANIA.

**Greece Said To Have Refused Allies' Military Demands
—British Trouble With Norway—Coal Supply Stopped.**

The chief features of yesterday's news were:—

NEW PEACE STEP?—A great parley of Presidents of all the enemy Parliaments is to be held in Berlin on January 18. Although the precise nature of the gathering is not mentioned, the recent Peace Notes invest the meeting with peculiar interest, and a new peace move is rumoured.

RUMANIA.—In Moldavia the Germans claim further successes. The operations here are aimed at turning the flank of the Sereth lines. West and south of Fokchany Mackensen claims to be before a fortified line. Braila is still held by the Russians.

GREECE.—Athens messages state that King Tino has conferred with all the political leaders on the Allies' Note. The newspapers state that requirements of a military nature have been rejected in the main.

WESTERN FRONT.—Berlin reports that German raiding parties penetrated to the third French line at Bois le Pretre, bringing back prisoners and destroying defences.

TROUBLE WITH NORWAY.—Reports from Copenhagen state that the coal supply from Britain to Norway has been stopped owing to Britain's dissatisfaction with the export prohibitions regarding fish and ore.

MR. WILSON KNOWS HUNS' PEACE CONDITIONS.

Foe Statement That Entente Can Learn the Terms.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—According to a message received from Budapest, the leader of the Hungarian Opposition, Count Andrássy, declared in the course of a speech delivered on New Year's Day: "As the Entente alleges that our peace proposal is only a manoeuvre and not made with any earnest intentions of bringing about peace, then I am able to declare that President Wilson now knows our peace conditions and that the Entente can learn of them from that source."—Central News.

FOE CLAIMS PENETRATION OF FRENCH TRENCHES.

German Patrols Said To Have Reached Our Ally's Third Line.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.
Army Group of the Crown Prince.—With the improving light lively artillery activity developed in the afternoon in the Meuse region. In Bois le Pretre patrols of the 93rd Landwehr Infantry Regiment penetrated as far as the third line of French trenches and returned with twelve prisoners after having destroyed the defensive works.—(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

FRENCH OFFICIAL.
There was an artillery duel of considerable liveliness north and south of the Somme, and in the regions of Rouvry and Verdun, around the Mort Homme and Bezonvaux. In Champagne our patrols were very active, and brought back prisoners.—Reuter.

SOLDIERS ON THE LAND.

The military authorities are prepared, in certain cases, to grant extension of leave to soldiers temporarily released from military duties for agricultural work. Forms of application for an extension of leave are now available at employment exchanges, and farmers who are employing soldiers and desire to retain their services beyond the period from which they were released should obtain one from the nearest employment exchange.

FRENCH AGENT TO GREECE.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The Government has appointed M. de Billy, Counsellor at the French Embassy in Rome, to be the French Diplomatic Agent accredited to the Greek Provisional Government.—Reuter.

M. CAILLAUX' DENIAL.

PARIS, Wednesday.—M. Caillaux, the former President of the Council, in the *Matin* denies what he describes as the ridiculous story about the visit which he is now making to Italy.—Central News.

GREECE'S NEW DISCUSSION WITH THE ALLIES.

Reported Rejection of Military Demands of Entente.

ATHENS, Tuesday (received yesterday).—The Government has entered into discussions with the Ministers of the Allies over the new Note. The King has had audiences with all the political leaders.—Exchange News.

An earlier Exchange message from Athens said, with regard to the audiences of the ex-Prime Ministers, the newspapers state that they have in the main rejected the requirements of a military character.

Prince Bosdari had a lengthy interview with M. Zolostas. The Bosdari interim Government will, it is believed, enter into pourparlers with the Powers before handing back its reply.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The *Matin* learns that the French Government has decided that a representative of France shall be accredited to the Provisional Government at Salonika.

The *Petit Parisien* says: "The Greek Government must keep the mind of the Allies. There is no longer room for expedients for dilatory methods and lies."

"We have been flouted by Constantine, but all things have an end."

"Warning has just been given by the accrediting of a British Diplomatic Agent to M. Venizelos."—Reuter.

In spite of popular indignation at the severity of the Entente's Note, says a Reuter message dated Tuesday, the Government is taking up a moderate attitude, but bitterly complains of the occupation of the islands, and claims the establishment of a neutral zone on sea as well as on land as a guarantee against Venizelist invasion.

ATHENS DEMAND FOR WAR.

Reuter's Agency is informed by the Anglo-Hellenic League that the "League of Reservists," so far from being dissolved, has been actively engaged in attempting to excite feeling against the Entente by holding in all the provincial towns of Old Greece services of thanksgiving for the preservation of King Constantine from the bombardment of the Allied Fleet.

Mez, while, the Royalist papers of Athens—all papers that do not favour Germany having been suppressed—continue to use the most violent language against the Entente in general and England in particular.

The *Chronos* goes so far as to demand that King Constantine should instantly declare war against the protecting Powers.—Reuter.

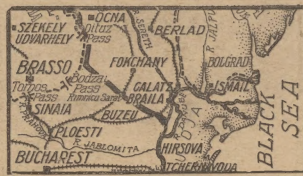
TROUBLE WITH NORWAY.

COPENHAGEN, Wednesday.—The coal export from England to Norway has been stopped.

According to the *Tidens Tegn*, the Norwegian Coal Importers' Association has asked the British Legation at Christiania the reason. The Legation states that the prohibition has been caused by the unsatisfactory manner in which certain obligations were fulfilled by Norway.

The *Morgenbladet* indicates that what has created dissatisfaction is the way in which the export prohibitions regarding fish and ore have been maintained.

Other newspapers state that negotiations between the Norwegian and British Governments are now going on. A memorandum is said to have been handed the Norwegian Minister in London.—Exchange.



Successes are claimed by the Germans to the west and north-west of Fokchany.

GERMANS CLAIM CAPTURE OF RUMANIAN TOWNS.

Mackensen Menaces a Fortified Position Held by the Russians.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Front of Archduke Josef.—Strong enemy attack against Mount Faltucany failed, with heavy losses.

Between the Susita and Putna Valleys several hills have been taken by storm.

Counter-attacks delivered by the Russians and Rumanians were repulsed, and Baresesi and Topesci were occupied after a battle.

Front of von Mackensen.—Our movements are making further progress. In the mountains between the Zabala Valley and the plain German and Austro-Hungarian troops drove the enemy back towards the north-east.

To the west and south of Focsani troops of the Ninth Army are now before a fortified position of the Russians.

Pintesci and Mera, on the Milcovul, were carried by storm. Four hundred prisoners were taken.

In the Dobruja the Russians have been pushed further back towards Vacoani, Jijila and Macin, in spite of the stubborn resistance.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

FOOD CRISIS DEVELOPING IN HUNGARY.

Anti-Government Agitation—Starving Crowds Raid Warehouses.

PARIS, Wednesday.—A message from Zurich to the *Matin* states that a strong agitation on the food question is threatened against Count Tisza's Government by the Hungarian Opposition when they meet in the Chamber on January 10.

Count Jules Andrássy, the sworn enemy of Count Tisza, was yesterday received in audience by the Emperor at Schoenbrunn.—Exchange.

The *Neues Pester Journal* speaks of the great number of suspected persons arrested on the occasion of the coronation festivities at Budapest. These arrests show what terrible misery exists in Austria-Hungary.

It is generally asserted, says the Hungarian paper, that there are no longer any unemployed, and that the workers are well paid, but this is not true.

The poverty of the people is serious to-day, particularly in the case of the numerous families whose fathers are at the front, whilst the mothers are compelled to wait in a queue for hours to obtain a small quantity of milk, an ounce of fat, and a few pieces of sugar for their children.—(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

The *Agencia Libera* learns from Berne that grave disorders occurred in Vienna on Christmas Day on account of the lack of food.

Trains which were expected from Hungary laden with foodstuffs failed to arrive, and the markets were absolutely empty.

It is reported that the hungry crowds raided the southern and eastern railway stations and pillaged the goods warehouses there.

FOE CLAIM 130 PRISONERS

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Eastern Theatre of the War.—Front of General Field-Marshal Prince Leopold of Bavaria.—To the south of Lake Dryswajty Russian raiding detachments were driven off.

To the east of Zlocow, near Mansjov, raiding parties of the Life Hussars Brigade, together with Austro-Hungarian infantry troops, captured three officers and 127 men out of the Russian lines.

BLACK HAND PLOT.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The *Journal* reveals the organisation of a plot in Petrograd to assassinate M. Milnikoff, whose revelations brought about the fall of M. Stuermer, the late Russian Premier.

A man named Butull, affiliated to the Black Hundred, was entrusted with the murder of M. Milnikoff, but he denounced the plot and handed over documents showing the measures taken by the Black Hundred to commit the crime.—Reuter.

GREAT FOE PARLEY IN BERLIN.

Presidents of Enemy Parliaments to Meet in a Fortnight.

MR. WILSON'S SECRETS.

The extremely interesting announcement is made that there is to be a meeting of the Presidents of all the enemy Parliaments in Berlin on January 18.

Although no hint has yet been given as to the precise purpose of the conference, it is generally assumed that it is being held in connection with the peace propaganda, which, in spite of all rebuffs, is still exercising the German mind.

It is now alleged by Count Andrássy, the leader of the Hungarian Opposition, that Dr. Wilson is in possession of the enemy's peace conditions.

Meanwhile the German Press continues to urge the German people to "win through" in spite of difficulties, and to bear the burden of the war until final victory has been secured. A message from Berlin says the Swiss Minister handed the reply of the Entente Governments to the German Foreign Secretary on Monday evening.

The text is somewhat mutilated as received in Berlin, and therefore it can only be published after corrections have been made.—Central News.

"THIS GRAVE TIME."

The Kaiser sent the following reply to the Reichstag President's New Year congratulations:—

"Mindful of the glorious collaboration of the Reichstag in the defence of the Fatherland against the assault of its enemies directed against its freedom and economic development, I gladly received the good wishes of the Reichstag."

"I know I am at one with the chosen representatives of the German people and all patriotically-minded Germans in their unshakable resolve to make every sacrifice in the future to prosecute victoriously our just cause until the longed-for final peace is achieved and a free path has been opened again for the activity of German intelligence and industry."

According to the German papers the Kaiser, in his reply to a New Year telegram from Cardinal Hartmann, said he rejoiced at the Cardinal's efforts on behalf of "our pitiable prisoners abroad," and concluded as follows:—

"May God's grace and goodness be granted to our dear Fatherland in the future and give us strength at this grave time to overcome victoriously our heavy affliction."—Reuter.

DESTRUCTION OF GERMANY

What the world thinks of the Allies' refusal to join a peace conference will be gathered from the following opinions:—

Germany.—"A regrettable proof that the Entente Governments, without considering their own peoples, will prosecute their fantastic and impossible aims for the destruction of Germany."—*Korrespondenz Norden*.

"What is to be undone on our part is still unclear. Whether it is considered expedient to submit once more to neutralise a statement of our views is for the present uncertain."—*Cologne Gazette*.

Holland.—"The burden of responsibility has been shifted, and it is now Germany's duty to disclose her conditions."—*Tyd*.

America.—"What the German people are actually fighting for is not a German victory, but means for so treating their own vanity so that they may not be tempted to overthrow their Government when the war is over. They don't know it, but they may rest assured that the Kaiser, Chancellor and all Junkertum know it." *New York World*.

"DEPENDS ON OUR FOES."

COPENHAGEN, Wednesday.—It is reported from Berlin that the German reply to the Scandinavian peace Note was handed to the Danish, Swedish and Norwegian Ministers in Berlin on Monday.

The German Government expresses its complete understanding of the motives for such action, and refers to the German Note of December 12 and to Germany's reply to President Wilson's Note, adding:—

"It now depends on our enemies whether the peace of the world shall be restored."—Exchange.

ITALY'S GUNNERS AT WORK

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Along the whole front there was the usual activity of the artillery on both sides. Nothing of importance to report.

**BEAUTIFUL HAIR, THICK, WAVY,
FREE FROM DANDRUFF.**

Draw a moist cloth through hair and double its beauty at once.
Save your hair! Dandruff Disappears and hair stops coming out.

Immediate?
—Yes! Certain! — that's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after an application of Dandruff Disappears. Also try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, for ever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful. You can surely have pretty, charming, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine, and try it as directed. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1/4 and 2/3.

**AREN'T THE AUSTRIANS TO HAVE ANY?**

A picture from *Kladderadatsch* showing barge upon barge laden with Rumanian wheat passing up the Danube. It is described as "a beautiful Christmas gift from the united armies to the German people."

CUT THIS OUT.**Famous Specialist's Recipe for Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.**

If you know someone who is troubled with head noises, or Catarrhal Deafness, cut out this formula and hand to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferers, perhaps, from total deafness. Recent experiments have proved conclusively that Catarrhal Deafness, head noises, etc., were the direct cause of constitutional disease, and that salves, sprays, inhalers, etc., merely temporise the case, without complaint, and seldom, if ever, effect a permanent cure. This being so, much time and money have been spent of late by a noted specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective tonic that would quickly disperse all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system. The effective prescription which was eventually formulated and which has aroused the belief that deafness will soon be extinct, is given below in understandable form, so that anyone can treat themselves in their own home at little expense.

Secure from your chemist 1oz. *Parmint* (Double Strength), about 2s. 6d. worth. Take this home, and add to it 4 pint of hot water and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most distressing head noises, headache, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of sleep and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrhal poison, and which are quickly overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly 50 per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh; therefore, there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this simple home treatment. Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness, or catarrh in any form, should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better. (Advt.)

HOW TO INCREASE STRENGTH AND NERVE POWER.**Get Plenty of Fresh Air, Breathe Deeply and Take a Little Sargol.**

If you are tired, weak, run-down and lack ambition or nerve force, and feel discouraged, don't dose your stomach with worthless tonics nor harbour the idea that help for you is impossible. If you have drawn heavily on your bank account of "Strength" weakness is but a natural result. However, if you reverse the order of things, and obtain more strength from your food than what you use in performing your daily labors or sagacious, you will be strong, happy and vigorous as ever. To do this spend as much time as possible in the open air, breathe deeply and take a little Sargol with each meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly your strength will return. It doesn't matter how you have lost your strength, whether the cause be from illness, late hours, smoking, drinking, over-eating, or from over-indulgence of any kind, Sargol will enable you to get every atom of strength and nerve power from the food you eat.

In fact, one small tablet with your three meals a day will give you more strength and vitality than twelve meals would give you without it. Sargol costs little, is pleasant to take, and is highly recommended by the medical profession. Anyone suffering with "nerves" or from weakness of any kind should give this treatment a trial. You will find it is just what you need. (Advt.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Whether your baby grows up to be healthy or not depends on the food which it has now.

Give your baby Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food in its tenderest years, and you will be rewarded by seeing it later grow into healthy youth and manhood or womanhood. Dr. Ridge's Food is concentrated nourishment which even the weakest stomach can assimilate. It is the premier food for baby and brain, quickly transforming a fretful, weakly baby into a picture of happiness and health.

Make the "test" your baby on Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food for one week. You will then realise its great value. Doctors, nurses and thousands of grateful mothers recommend it for every child.

Every chemist and grocer sells Dr. Ridge's Food in 6d., 1s. and 2s. tins; also in 2d. packets. (Advt.)

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

DELPHI. A New Musical Comedy, "HIGH JINKS." TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mat. Weds. and Sat., at 2.
MARIE BLANCHET. H. BERRY, NEILL TAYLOR. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2645 and 8886 Ger.
ALDWYCH. GRAND OPERA SEASON.
TO-NIGHT, 8. ROMEO AND JULIET; Thurs. 8. MARGIE FLUTE; Fri. 7.45, ALIDA; Sat. Mat. 2.15, BUTTERFLY; Sat. Eve. 7. URSULA AND GOLDIE. Oct. 23th.
AMBAASSADORS. Nightly, 8.30.
Daily, 2.30. **DAVID DEVANT'S MAGICAL MATINEES.**
APOLLO. Sat. Next, at 2.30 and 8.0, and Twice Daily. Mr. Charles Hawtrey's Famous Farce, **THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.** Popular Prices.
COMEDY. Andre Garet's musical show, "SEE-SAW," with John Humphries and Phyllis Monkman. Evenings, 8.15. Matinee, Mon. Fri. Sat. 2.15.
COURT. Ger. 8.45. **HINDLE WAKES.** Last Week.
Mrs Horniman's Season. TO-DAY and DAILY, at 2.15.
TO-NIGHT and Saturday, at 7.45.
CRITERION. At 2.30 and 8.30. The Celebrated Farce. Evenings, 8.30. Mat. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
(2nd A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF)
DALYS. (Ger. 2.15). **YOUNG ENGLAND.** THE GEORGE EDWARDS and ROBERT COTTRELL Comedy.
Nightly, 8. MATS, Fri. Sat. and Mon. Sat. after, at 2.
DRURY LANE. PUSS IN NEW BOOTS.
TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY. 1.30 and 7.30.
Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 2508.
DUKE OF YORKS. **GRADY LONG-LEGS.**
Rene Kelly, C. Aubrey Smith, Fay Davies.
TO-DAY and TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.15.
CAIETY. Nightly, at 8. **THEODORE AND CO.** Matinee Weds., Sat., 2. Leslie Henson, Austin Melford, Davy Burnaby, Henri Jeancourt, Robert Napp, Julia James, Madge Saunders, Peggy Kuttan, Adrah Fair.
GARRICK. "THE GIRL FROM CHIOS." Nightly, 8.30. MATS, Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
CLOVE. Nightly, 8.30. Ger. 8722.
Every Afternoon, at 4.15. **THE RAINBOW.** Nightly, 8.30. Ger. 8722.
Every Evening, at 8.15. **PEG O' MY HEART.**
Other Amusements on page 11.

HÖVIS

Makes delicious Sandwiches

For Flatulence and Dyspepsia

The following communication received by Savory & Moore from an Officer (late Indian Army) can hardly fail to be of interest to sufferers from Dyspepsia, who, perhaps, like the writer, have tried many remedies without obtaining relief.

"I shall feel that I am paying my debt of gratitude to you in part only if you will make what use you please of the following:

"I have for the past 25 years suffered from Flatulent Dyspepsia of a painful and troublesome kind. The so-called 'infallible remedies' which I have swallowed during this period without obtaining relief would stock a chemist's shop. My introduction to Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges was a fortunate one. They have given me relief which no other remedy has ever effected, and I now always keep them by me. For Flatulence and Dyspepsia I find them simply magical. The above is fact, not fancy."

Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are made by Savory & Moore from Dr. Jenner's original formula. Their value lies in their remarkable power to absorb Acidity without in any way affecting the stomach itself, or the natural digestive ferments. They are pleasant to take, quite harmless, and are supplied by all Chemists in boxes at 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

SAMPLE FOR 2d. POST FREE

A Sample Box of the Lozenges, sufficient for a thorough trial, will be sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps for postage, etc. Mention "Daily Mirror" and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-st., London.

SIX MISSING MEN.

Rfn. Trodd (Rifle Brigade). Write to Mrs. Trodd, at 2, Sussex-grove, Brixton, London, S.W.



Pte. A. Baker (Essex Regt.). Write to S. Hookley-street, Morning-lane, Hackney, London.



Pte. F. W. Porter (Border Regt.). Write to Mrs. Porter, 46, Alfred-street, Bow, London, E.



Cpl. A. F. Totts (K.O.Y.L.I.). Write to Mrs. Totts, at 369, Thorold-road, Ilford, Essex.



Rfn. E. T. Steel (London Regt.). Write to Mrs. Steel, 19, Aden-road, Ilford, Essex.



Pte. Lakeman (London Regt.). Write to Mrs. Hobbins, 44, Charlwood-road, Putney, London, S.W.

LONGER SKIRTS!

Gown in white cashmere and black velvet forming a coat. It is trimmed with white fox.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1917.

SERAJEVO AND BRIGHTON.

IN any City or suburban train or tram or omnibus the talk now rolls incessantly on tickets. The new rates for "seasons," the luck and ill-luck of those resident within or without the "zone," weekly tickets, tickets in batches, commercial travelling conditions—one has one's ears dimmed by debate concerning all of this; and, in other places, resounds also the wail of the man who decided to live in Brighton, say, or some other one-hour-distant town, just before the war. He took a house there, poor fellow, at the very moment or month when the Serajevo bomb was being prepared; and now, see, that Balkan explosion—has, by its three years' repercussion, materially lengthened the distance between Brighton and Victoria; even as it has resounded, with heart-shaking effects, in million upon million of homes.

Brighton and Serajevo! Once so remote from one another.

The truth is that our former steel age of industrialism depended amazingly on its mobility—on the modern mechanical annihilation or diminution of space—on the sacred right to move about in every direction as fast and as often as we liked. About one-quarter of this movement was inevitable; the rest was fidgeting.

But fidgeting becomes a habit.

It is no good for the patient knitting housewife to say to her restless husband: "Dear, couldn't you keep still for a moment?" She knows he cannot. Some of us were only happy in trains; just as, before "wireless," millionaires only rested on board ship. The thing was summed with insight in "Tono-Bungay," where a hero of H. G. Wells diagnosed our state as a blind, headlong rush all together—whither? Nobody could say—then, when "Tono-Bungay" was written. Now we know. Now Mr. Britling gives us the answer—to war; a blind, headlong rush, *via* industrialism, to death.

But then, by an odd instance of reversion, war, transporting hither and thither the millions immediately involved in it, leaves over for the others far fewer means of transport and communication than they'd known until war came.

The week-end train, the Friday evening down, the Monday morning up, the cheap ticket, the "so easy to get to" recommendation—that all appeared as changeless as the alternations of day and night. It was a fixed part of what we were and are pleased to name our civilisation and it was dreamed you could no more go back on it than you could forget Darwin or suppose that the Earth was flat—which, by the way, it may very well be for all most people can prove to the contrary. War, cutting at our mobility, and reducing us to a standstill, really is, thus, being "brought home" to everybody. Even Joy Flapperton knows there's a war when she cannot get up for her shopping.

Suppose it goes on and trains are taken off everywhere and seasons become unprocurable? There were fearful thoughts and talks, in that sense, in the trains yesterday. "Life will not be worth living," said one. "But is it?" said another—probably a pessimist. And a third, who said nothing, brought. "But perhaps this inability to get about may teach some of you to find your resources within yourselves, at home, in greater quietness, in simpler things."

Still, it's hard, no doubt, on the worker who took that house and spent all that money on it just as the bomb burst in Serajevo.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good. If thou wouldst be happy, bring thy mind to thy condition, and have an indifference for more than what is sufficient.—William Penn.

DO WOMEN LACK PERSEVERANCE?

BIG EMPLOYERS SAY: "TOO MANY ABSENCES."

By HEBE SPAULL.

"WOMEN are splendid, but—" So say the big employers of labour, and the "but" usually prefaces some criticism, not of the quality of her work, but of the uncertainty of a woman's attendance at her place of business.

"The irritating point is that the reasons given for these absences are so absurdly trifling," the manager of a big City office complained. "The fact is that a large proportion of women have yet to learn to take business seriously. In our own office, even in war time, it is not an unusual thing for a girl to ask for the day off 'because her aunt is coming up from the country' or for another to give as an excuse for a day's absence the

short absences. It is quite a common thing for a girl to be absent on twenty different occasions in the course of a year, and when it is remembered that some of these occasions represent several days at a time it will be seen that the sum total is pretty heavy. A glance at the records of the attendance of these women workers for, say, the last four or five years, reveals such totals as "forty-eight," "fifty-five," "sixty," "sixty-nine," and so on. All these represent separate absences, and in some cases weeks at a time.

A FIT OF THE "BLUES."

These figures stand out in vivid contrast when placed side by side with the total absences of the male staff. It is quite a common thing for a man to go through the year with scarcely a single absence. In hardly a solitary instance will the high figures reached by the women be found.

That women have not an adequate sense of their responsibility when they stay away

BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES' NEW ARMY.



The German Government has recently urged the Army and civilians to "abandon prejudices against the service of criminals." It is calling up convicts, and calculates that it can obtain at least 20,000 recruits by this means.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

fact that the 'char' did not turn up, so she 'stayed at home to help mother.'

"Women have a knack of discovering headaches at very convenient—or inconvenient—moments," was the verdict of the head of one of our largest drapery establishments. "In nine cases out of ten if they would only set their teeth together these headaches would soon disappear."

Another point in the same connection of which these employers complain is the effect the absence of one member of the staff will have upon the rest.

"With a male staff," remarked the manager before referred to, "the absence of one of the members is the signal for all the others to turn to, forget their own ailments, and tackle the extra work. With a woman staff it is usually the signal for about half a dozen others to discover that they, too, have headaches or colds."

The result is a very large proportion of

from business is proved by the fact that a girl will seldom trouble to send a doctor's certificate when ill, even though she may be away two or three weeks.

"The fact is," explained the head of a big factory, "women haven't the grit to do all the hard plodding that men have. In an emergency, and whilst the excitement lasts, a woman will do almost anything, but when things get monotonous she has a fit of 'the blues,' and is glad to seize on any excuse to stop away for a bit."

The fact that the newer work taken up by women, such as omnibus conducting, is not being hampered by absences of this kind emphasises this point, and the question naturally arises: "When the novelty and excitement have worn off, will the women be too casual in these occupations also?"

There must be no lagging behind at this juncture!—or at any other, for the matter of

"HALF OUR INCOMES."

GETTING READY FOR THE ISSUE OF A NEW WAR LOAN.

FREE FROM TAX.

SO far the policy of our war loans and of our borrowing, in instalments has consisted in taking away with one hand what we give with the other.

We give, say, 6 per cent. Then we take about half in income-tax.

If the new War Loan is free from income-tax the interest may be low. It will none the less have an immense attraction for investors—particularly for small investors. A. M. E. Salisbury-road, Southsea.

THE INCOME-TAX BOX.

MR. ROBERT VANE'S recent suggestion that every family should keep an income-tax box and contribute every week to it is likely to become popular with all small income-tax payers. It is the only way indeed to meet the tax at

the end of the year. I question, however, whether any box would be strong enough. If there is a big bill to be paid in the middle of the year—well, there's the strong temptation to make an assault upon the box.

Could not a sort of friendly society system be adopted with a "share-out" for income-tax time?

I feel that it would be a relief to one to deposit a certain amount weekly into some society or bank which would keep the money safely till it was needed.

Then I could not yield to temptation during the year.

But anyhow the point is that some safe form of weekly "putting by" is becoming absolutely essential for the taxpayer. SMALL INCOME. Westminster, Wilts.

A MIRACLE.

A MAN with several thousands a year might manage to live comfortably upon half his income, but such a thing is impossible for the average individual who has to earn his living.

How on earth is a man earning 30s. a week to live on 15s., and probably keep a wife and family into the bargain, with the price of everything 50 per cent. higher than before the war?

A man who could do such a thing would be a greater miracle worker than any of the prophets of old. INCOME.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 3.—Vegetables should, and certainly will, be widely cultivated by amateur gardeners this year. Even at this early date much can be done in this direction. Seed catalogues must be obtained without delay and orders sent off as soon as possible. (This is generally left until sowing-time.) Labels, pea sticks and pegs can be got ready during wet weather and the cropping of an available ground planned.

Digging must only be undertaken when the soil is in a dry condition—this will probably not be until next month or even later—but turf-land can be broken up almost any time. E. F. T.

that, if women wish to hold their own in the field of commerce.

Let them take "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together" if they wish to prove themselves in all respects efficient to replace the men at the front.

THE GLAD FAREWELL.

You untold life of me, And all you venerable and innocent joys, Perennial hardly life of me with joys 'mid rain and many a summer sun. And the white snows and night and the wild winds; O the great patient rugged joys, my soul's strong joys unreck'd by the life befitting me and brothers mine. Our time, our term has come. Nor yield we mournfully to majestic brothers, We who have grandly liv'd our time; With Nature's calm content, with tacit huge delight, We welcome what we wrought for through the past, And leave the field for them. —WALT WHITMAN.

AUSTRIAN WOMEN AS NAVVIES.



Austria, like Germany, is employing women to do navvies' work, and this gang is seen making a new drain. They work under a guard of soldiers.

A NEW POST



Miss R. E. Darbyshire, (Cross) to be superintendent of Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Association.—(Russell.)

TWO DECORATIONS.



Col. Gerald Cree, C.M.G. (Army Medical Service), who has just been created a C.B.

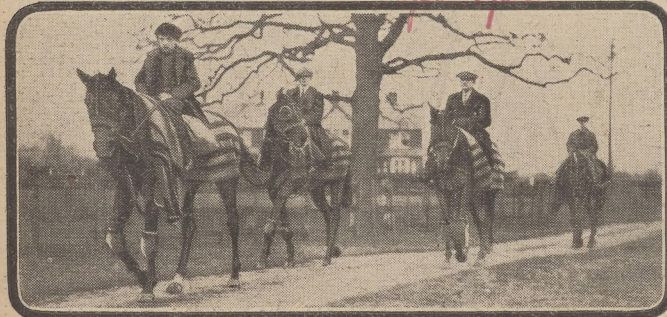


Engineerroom Artificer Sydney Lewis Remington, awarded D.S.M. He is in the submarine service.

FAMOUS HO



BACK TO THE CONDITIONS OF 60 YEARS AGO.



Mr. Wootton's string arriving from Epsom.

NEW POTATOES IN WINTER.



A French gardener at Mitcham has succeeded in producing new potatoes at any time of the year. At present they are worth about 2s. 6d. a lb.



Lieutenant Mike B. Rimington which have been condemned to Margaret Tryon Woodforde. The large photograph shows the lieutenant will transform it into a mod



Mr. Grundy's horses passing through Horley.

The runners for the Galwick meeting had to travel by road instead of being transported by rail. Those of Mr. Wootton and Mr. Grundy came from Epsom. Before the war Mr. Grundy trained in Belgium.

FOE MUNITION TRAIN BLOWN UP IN RUMANIA



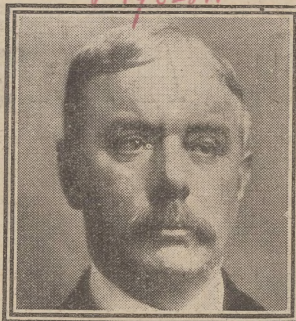
Carriages and shells were blown to pieces, and soldiers are seen clearing away the

TAMER TO WED



terdale Hall, Shrewsbury, who trains horses for the Army as "the very limit," is to marry Miss Gledhill. The couple are seen in the circles, while the man is taking in hand a particularly bad case. Kind behaviour.—(Daily Mirror and Lafayette.)

MANY TONGUES



Detective-Inspector William Hester, who is retiring. He speaks German, Dutch, Flemish and the Scandinavian languages fluently.

NEWS PORTRAITS

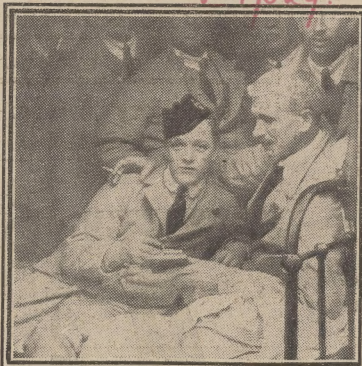


Commodore Godfrey Paine, who, it is reported, will have charge of the Royal Naval Air Service.



The Rev. E. Neville Lovett, rector of St. Mary's, Southampton, appointed an honorary chaplain to the King.

THE PILLOW-FIGHT CURE.



Private Joseph McDonald (wearing glengarry), whose speech was suddenly restored during a pillow fight. He became dumb six months ago.

A PICTURESQUE BATHING POOL IN EGYPT.



British soldiers enjoying their morning dip in Western Egypt. It is quite warm there.

SAILORS' SPLENDID DISCIPLINE.



The old French battleship Gaulois, which was torpedoed by a submarine in the Mediterranean. She sank in half an hour, but, thanks to the splendid discipline, only four out of the crew of 631 perished, and two of these were killed by the explosion.

DAUGHTERS OF THE MILL (WAR TIME STYLE).



Three of the girls, who are all strong and muscular.



Hoisting a reel of paper.

Between seventy and eighty girls are now employed at a large paper mill at Purfleet, as they are called upon to do a good deal of heavy work they wear a special costume. It will be seen that they affect puttees.



Resolved!

*I will begin
the New Year
by taking
Sanatogen
regularly till
my nerves
are better.*



New Health and Nerve Power.

Make the above resolution to-day and keep it. "My health benefits by every tin of Sanatogen I take," writes the famous war correspondent, Mr. A. G. HALES.

So will *your* health improve daily on Sanatogen; for as LADY HENRY SOMERSET writes, "Sanatogen undoubtedly invigorates the nerves—braces one to health—brings a new hopefulness and enjoyment of life!"

**Get the Genuine, Original Sanatogen—
now absolutely British.**

"Sanatogen has made a new person of me!" writes Madame SARAH GRAND, the famous author. And Sanatogen will make a new person of *you*—you will look well, feel well and *be* well. Surely a splendid way of beginning the New Year well!

But be sure you get the real thing—not one of the numerous imitations. Tell your chemist you want the original Sanatogen now owned by Lord Rhondda's firm at 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C. It is sold in tins, from 1/9 to 9/6.

Formamint, the germ-killing throat tablet, is absolutely British now.

It is the Ideal Remedy for Sore Throat, etc., and for preventing infectious diseases.

NO ADVANCE IN PRICE!

PERFECTION OF QUALITY MAINTAINED.

THE VERY BEST, BRITISH-MADE

MAYPOLE MARGARINE

Guaranteed absolutely pure and
all made at our own Dairy
in Middlesex, from choicest
NUTS and MILK.

7¹/₂ D. A LB.

THE ONE PERFECT Substitute for Butter.

NO HIGHER PRICE.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO. LTD.

THE LARGEST RETAILERS.

889 Branches now open.

PAT WYNGATE

By META SIMMINS.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

PATRICIA WYNGATE, a charming and good-looking girl with plenty of character.

LYN WARRINDER, who loves Patricia.

PETER MELHUISS, a wealthy crank, who marries Patricia Wyngate.

MRS. JACK BAYLISS, Melhuiss's cousin, who loves Warrinder and is jealous of Pat.

AUDREY WYNGATE is the lovely sister of Patricia.

DR. HEDDON, who attempts to blackmail Warrinder.

DORIS HEDDON, his daughter, said to be Warrinder's wife.

TONY BARRINGTON, who knows Warrinder and Pat.

PATRICIA WYNGATE, who is working hard to support herself and her younger sister, Audrey, marries her curious old employer, Peter Melhuiss. Immediately after the wedding Melhuiss dies. Pat is obliged by the terms of Melhuiss's will, to spend some time with his cousin, Victoria Bayliss.

At Wyck Manor she once meets Lyn Warrinder, who is in love with her; and they become engaged.

Victoria Bayliss, who is fond of Warrinder, tries to part them. Having failed, she pretends to be their friend.

An attempt to blackmail Warrinder is made by Dr. Heddon. He says that Warrinder is his son-in-law. Heddon sends Warrinder and out that his daughter Doris is in Paris. He hurries over to settle the matter, and before he goes he asks Victoria Bayliss to explain the situation to Pat. She does so in her own way.

Pat is very much wounded, and writes breaking off the engagement.

Warrinder finds Doris Heddon, who is already married and famous. He then receives Pat's letter and is made very miserable.

Audrey Wyngate, who has run away from school, goes to Elise Verreker's studio. In the street she sees Warrinder and calls to him, but he does not hear her.

Elise Verreker, who is a successful artist, is giving a little Bohemian party, and Audrey hears that her man, Tony Barrington, is coming.

Tony takes a great fancy to Audrey. He sees a sketch of Pat which Audrey has made, and questions Elise Verreker about her. Tony meets Warrinder in the street, and learns of his quarrel with Pat. He wires to her, telling her of Audrey's presence in Paris.

Just before Tony's wire arrives, Pat hears from the convent that Audrey has run away.

She sets out at once for Paris; and in the lounge of her hotel she sees Lyn Warrinder.

He rebuffs Pat cruelly, and they part.

Pat helps Pat in her rooms. And when he learns the whole story of their quarrel he goes in search of Warrinder. But Lyn has already left the hotel.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF BOHEMIA.

WARRINDER, so far as Tony Barrington could discover, must have left the hotel almost immediately after his encounter with Pat. He had left his luggage to be stored in the cloakroom of the hotel until he sent for it.

There was nothing for it but to return to Pat with as cheerful a front as possible. But in his heart Tony was full of misgivings. There was no saying what Warrinder might do in his present mood of recklessness. And he was gloomily thinking of everything bad as he made his way back to Pat.

To his surprise Pat heard the news of Warrinder's sudden departure with perfect composure.

"Tony, you've been such a brick!" That was all she said, and there was something in her manner that seemed to forbid further reference to the subject. "And now—what about Audrey?"

"Ah, yes; what about Miss Audrey," Barrington said, a little nervously.

On the subject of Pat's sister Tony was beginning to have misgivings. Now that the moment for facing her had arrived it occurred to him that left him with a bad conscience. He regarded him as nothing less than a common sneak. And that she would treat him accordingly he was certain. He could see the curl of that lovely mouth of hers, the disdain in those bright eyes.

"Well, I suppose I had better go and find her," he almost groaned. "I will bring her to you—if she will come!"

"The prospect appears to depress you," Pat said, trying to smile. "I will come with you—it will be better."

"Depress me, good lord, no! But—there is just this, you know, Miss Audrey is not aware that I have informed you of her whereabouts, and, since she is a young lady of some independence of character, there's no saying how she will take the meeting. She's been having the time of her life, there's no denying it. I don't imagine she will smile at the prospect of being reincarcerated in her convent school. I shall be very glad if you will come—that is, if you don't feel too tired."

"I am afraid she will have to do what she is told," Pat said. There was a touch of acerbity in her voice. "Yes, I will come."

She was beginning to feel angry with her sister. Now that the anxiety was abated, she began to view the action of Audrey's in a serious light. In spite of herself, her thoughts were tinged with bitterness towards the whole world; towards Lyn Warrinder for having humiliated her in public; towards Mrs. Bayliss for having been so grossly; towards herself for having been such a fool as to believe her.

"Ah, now, then, you must not be after being angry with the child," Barrington said wheedlingly. "This poor child she is—only a little tiresome, as I admit. But there's no malice in her, Pat."

He looked at her; her face was a little hard. She was thinking of that prophecy which Peter Melhuiss had made. "That sister of yours will

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

get you into trouble, one of these days," and she was afraid not only for Audrey, but for herself. She had not the strength necessary to guide this wayward sister for her good, that was what she felt. She was a failure all round, even so far as Audrey was concerned.

"I'll get a taxi-cab, then," he said. "How long will you be putting on your hat?"

"Not a minute—I'll come down with you, Tony."

It would be impossible for her to face the hotel crowd by herself, Pat felt nervously. At any other time she would have enjoyed immensely the drive through the Paris streets, full of life and beauty, on this morning of bright sunshines. But today she was like a woman who sat in a carriage with the blinds closely drawn; misery and loneliness and hopelessness had fallen about her like a black curtain, shutting out the world.

Suddenly Tony's voice roused her. "We're all but there," he said. "But, if you don't mind, we'll dismiss the cab here and walk on a bit."

They got out and walked down the teeming noisy street. Then they turned into the courtyard, from which opened the staircase that led to Elise Verreker's studio. Even in her mood of self-absorption, Pat was conscious of the charm of the old place, the moss-grown paving-stones, the worn head in the corner, where a glossy-haired, immaculately neat Frenchwoman, with a high kilted skirt, was drawing water in a huge copper jug.

She could understand how delightful this little life must be to Audrey, smiling under the unaccustomed discipline of a French convent school; how all the chords of her gay, pleasure-loving nature would reverberate to the shrill song of the street.

Even although she said nothing, her companion was sensible of a softening of her mood, and was blissfully relieved. He had not been at all minded to be the witness of the meeting of the two, the student and the unaccustomed rôle of a stern and avenging task-mistress.

"What a dear old place," Pat whispered, as they made their way up the wooden stairs. "I expect Audrey has been enjoying herself immensely."

"She has that," Barrington affirmed, with a grin.

Their ascent was quiet, but by no means noiseless, yet it seemed to be unheard by the two who had just met. Barrington's knock; which had a certain flippant urgency about it, elicited no response; yet, that the tenants of the studio were at home, was beyond doubt. As Pat and Tony stood there the sound of voices with came to them audibly.

"They are very absorbed," Pat said, with a little touch of envy in her heart.

"Very"—Barrington's sentence broke. He had just raised his hand to knock again, when the sound of a cry came from behind the door. A girl's cry of fear and anger.

"Oh, how dare you! You beast!" Audrey's voice, beyond all doubt, though Pat had scarcely time even to recognise that. Barrington had burst the door open, and the scene in the room beyond was like a picture in the wooden frame of the doorway.

The big, bare room illuminated by the fire-light, and the two figures of Audrey's and another, held rigid by surprise.

There was no mistaking the shrinking fear in Audrey's attitude as she stood there against the wall, with an overturned chair at her feet. Before her stood a man, his face turned towards the door. It was the painter Aubert, whom Barrington had designated as "a creature that wasn't a man," when he had remonstrated with Elise Verreker for allowing Audrey Wyngate to be seen about with him.

"You scoundrel!" Barrington wasted no words on the man, who tried to carry off the situation with a laugh, throwing back his thick mane of auburn hair with the trick that so many women had found irresistible.

He made for him, knocked him down with one clean blow, and administered a hearty kick as he fell like a log.

Aubert scrambled to his feet, making a show of fight, ugly words on his lips, but Barrington gave him no opportunity to speak. He closed with him again, drove him scuffling to the door, and flung him down the short flight of stairs with a force that brought him up against the panelled wall.

Returning to the studio, he shut and locked the door.

Audrey had made no attempt to move from her position there, against the wall. She stood staring at Pat with eyes that were full of tears.

It was Barrington who spoke first. "Well, Miss Audrey—I was going to make some sort of apology for springing your sister on you like this; but frankly, I think there's none needed. It seems to me, she has just arrived in the nick of time."

Audrey flashed an angry look at him, but she made no comment whatever. With a little gesture of pleading she held out her hand to Pat, and drew her with her into the inner room.

PAT PUTS HER FOOT DOWN.

It had not been a moment for scolding. Audrey had kept her courage up before Barrington, but alone with Pat she broke down utterly.

"Oh, Pat—how was I to know that he was just a beast!" she sobbed. "He—he kissed me, I feel—"

Breaking away from Pat's arms the girl rushed across the room and seized a sponge from the washstand and rubbed her face with it, using a fierce energy that was almost ludicrous. Pat could have found it in her heart to laugh. But it was not the moment for mirth.

"My dear, it is partly your own fault. If you go about alone with a man like that—"

"Oh, Pat, if you are going to scold the moment you arrive."

There was mutiny in Audrey's voice and eyes. Having recovered from her fright she began to see the walls and gate of the convent school looming large before her.

"My dear—I am not scolding. I am simply stating plain facts. But I am horribly disappointed in you, all the same, Audrey. I thought you cared for me a little."

"You dear old thing! I know—it was horrid of me to go off like that. But I couldn't bear the school—truly, I couldn't. You ought not to have expected me to try. You never would have expected me, but for that old—"

"Yes, I would. And I expect you to try to behave as I wish now. You must go back to school, Audrey. It is better that you should know that at once. You must finish your course of six months at Anteuil."

"I won't—that's flat!"

Audrey stamped her foot. Her voice rose and reached the ears of the waiting Tony Barrington, who shrugged his shoulders with a little grimace.

"Poor Pat—poor little girl. It's rough on both of them—I wonder you'll win."

Softly he stole across to the door of the studio, unlocked it, and looked out to see if his victim had departed. The staircase was empty, but on the landing lay the battered hat, which he had kicked after its owner.

Inside the bedroom Pat was trying to argue with a defiant Audrey. She felt oddly hard and cold. Her sympathy for the girl had evaporated at the sight of this concrete example of the dangers into which she had plunged so lightly.

"Why should I have to start as a schoolgirl again? I'm far too old. You just want to get me out of the way—that's all—what you enjoy yourself. You're going to be married—and I must stay and sledge on at school, whilst you go off round half the world. It isn't fair."

There was a childish break in the last words that gave a pause to their selfishness.

"I am not going to be married," said Pat in a hard voice. "I do not quite know what I am going to do. Go back to work, probably. I have made up my mind to relinquish the money Mr. Melhuiss left me."

"Pat—it isn't true! You haven't broken it off with Lyn again? Oh, Pat—"

She made a movement towards her sister. And Pat, longing, all at once, for a touch of human sympathy, suffered the lovely, heartless thing to gather her into her arms.

"Pat, darling, don't cry. He's not worth one of your tears. There's not a man on earth who's worth crying about. I've been a selfish beast. But I'll do anything you want. I'll go back to school—honour bright I will. To-night, if you want me to."

It was a promise given in an emotional moment, but one that would be kept. Pat realised that.

They sat together on Audrey's bed and talked of the future. Pat remembered with sudden compunction that Tony Barrington was still waiting for them alone in the studio beyond.

"Ah, poor old Tony! I must go back to him. Come along, Audrey."

But Audrey flatly refused to meet Tony Barrington.

"Oh, no doubt he meant well," she said; "but he's a sneak, for all that. I shall never speak to him again."

She was not to be shaken. Pat was forced to go and face Tony alone.

"She's frightfully angry with you, Tony," she told him, smiling. "But she's a dear; she has promised to go back to the convent. But I shall try and manage that it shall only be for a little while."

"Did she promise that?" cried Barrington in a whisper. "Faith, she's a bright girl. I'm glad to hear that. She needs a strong hand, you know, Pat—a stronger hand than you possess. Now—don't think me crazy—but it seems to me that it's meself has that hand. To tell you the truth, I've set my heart on marrying that sister of yours—that's a fact."

"Oh, you're joking!" Pat said, with a little gasp of laughter.

"Jokin'! Never a bit of it! If you see no objection, I'll undertake to persuade the young lady."

His tone was flippant, but his eyes were full of seriousness. Beyond a doubt Tony Barrington was deeply in love.

There will be another fine instalment tomorrow.



Patricia Wyngate and Lyn Warrinder.

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CHILDREN'S Chest Troubles.

THAT stubborn Cough which distresses so many children at this time of the year can be soon got rid of if mothers will give the little sufferers Peps. As the Peps tablet dissolves in the mouth the soothing medicinal fumes given off are breathed through the tender air-passages straight into the lungs, giving

Immediate Comfort & Relief

In the case of infants a Peps tablet can be dissolved in hot water and the little one allowed to inhale the beneficial fumes. Fortified with a Peps when starting for school in the raw morning air, the children will escape coughs and colds and resist infection from less fortunate companions. Peps contain no harmful drugs. They win the confidence of mothers and the love of children because of their quick soothing and curative effect on the throat and chest.

Of all Chemists & Drug Stores.



TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Miss Owen Lloyd George, who is now nursing at the War Military Hospital, near Portsmouth.

A Moping Outlook.

Among people who very well may be supposed to be "in the know" I find there is a growing impression, amounting almost to a certainty, that the question of an Irish settlement will come before the Empire Conference. Meanwhile people directly concerned with the adjustment of differences are not idle, and hopes about the results of next month's great gathering are running high.

Another "Find."

In some quarters the Air Board appointment of Lord Cowdray came as a surprise, but although his name had not been the subject of public speculation I heard it whispered two or three days ago. He is a man of tremendous energy and business acumen, and the appointment is welcomed.

Back from France.

I saw Mr. Arthur Henderson yesterday. He had just returned from France, and was looking in the best of health. I am told he was very much impressed by what he saw.

The Food Producer.

Another Minister I saw yesterday was Mr. Prothero, hurrying away from the Board of Agriculture, the tails of his unbuttoned overcoat flying in the breeze as he strode down Whitehall. I am told that things are humming at the Board of Agriculture as never before.

"Bonus Bonds"?

I hear it said in certain quarters in Whitehall that the new Government is not nearly so unfriendly to the idea of "bonus bonds" as the last, and that there is a chance of some development in this direction before the passing of another two months.

"Tommy's" Favourite Pipe.

Since the war the French pipe, I am told, has developed a great liking for the English briar-root pipe with a large bowl and a short stem. Curiously enough, British soldiers, and especially the Australians, prefer a clay pipe, of the kind manufactured at Marseilles. On the British front the "Tommy's" smoke pipes made at Marseilles with the effigies of Joffre, French, Foch and Nivelle.

Reprisals.

A schoolboy friend declares that if Greece does not consent to our demands he is going to refuse to translate his Euripides when the new term begins.

Found on the Field.

Strange prizes are found sometimes on the field of battle. A literary friend writes to tell me that he has picked up a first edition of Meredith's famous novel, "The Shaving of Shagpat," out of the mud.

A Generous Offer.

I see that Baron Latymer has offered land near Walton-on-Thames to the local council for the purpose of raising crops on condition that the food produced be used for the local poor. Baron Latymer is a name that has a strange sound to many who are familiar with that of Mr. Francis Coutts, the poet. "The intellectual head of the house of Coutts," as he has been called, he established his claim to the ancient barony of Latymer in 1912.



Lord Latymer.

Peer Poets.

Lord Latymer, by the way, is one of the few poets who are also peers. We have only had two others of the first order—Tennyson, who received his peerage, and Byron, who was born to the title. Other titled poets have been the Earl of Surrey, who wrote in the reign of Henry VIII., Lord De Tabley, Lord Houghton, and his son, the present Marquis of Crewe, who is less known as a poet than as a politician.

Fed and Equipped the Army.

Quartermaster-General Sir John Cowans, whose name is mentioned in the findings of the War Office inquiry, has been responsible during the war for the equipment and feeding of both men and horses of our vast armies. He asked Lord Kitchener at the beginning to allow him to go on active service, but was denied the opportunity, the great War Secretary declaring that his services were more valuable at home. The Kaiser, it may be recalled, paid Sir John the compliment that his excellent work in the transport of troops to South Africa in 1900 was the finest feature of the campaign.

Forty-six Years' Service.

General Sir Henry Mackinnon, who was appointed Director of Recruiting in February last, was the colonel of the "C.I.V.s." with whom he served in the last war. Forty-six years' continuous service in the Army was his splendid record of national duty. Although he recently resigned under the age clause of the Army Regulations, he continues to take the deepest interest in the Western Command.

Welsh-speaking General.

The only general in the British Army who can speak Welsh, Brigadier-General Owen Thomas, the other important officer connected with the inquiry, drew thousands of recruits to the regiments raised in his native hills. Just a year ago his son was killed at the front.

The Queen of Rumania's Loss.

The Queen of Rumania and her young daughters maintain a constant correspondence with old friends in England. From



The Queen of Rumania.

one of these I hear that the Queen still profoundly grieves over the death of her little son.

The Worried Chancellor.

Mr. A. D. McLaren, an Australian, who has been imprisoned for eight months in Ruhleben concentration camp, tells me that shortly before he left Berlin he saw the Imperial Chancellor walking in Unter den Linden. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg was looking aged and worried.

A "Military" Cloak.

Evening wraps have not escaped the military touch now so popular in women's fashions. A woman correspondent writes that at the theatre she saw a light blue velvet cloak trimmed with silver lace. It was made very full, and one end was flung over the wearer's shoulder after the style of the French Army officer's service cape.

Bishop Welldon in Town.

Bishop Welldon paid one of his welcome visits to London yesterday, when he gave an address at University College on "Educational Lessons in the War." The Bishop is always worth listening to, as he is invariably fresh, breezy and unconventional. Some years ago he established a record, I believe, by becoming headmaster of Harrow at the age of thirty-one.

A Footballer.

Dr. Welldon, who is both a Bishop and a Dean, might be described as "an ecclesiastic of the bulldog breed." He is a good sportsman, and enjoys a visit to the theatre now and again. He is reticent about his prowess in the football field, but we have it on the authority of Lord Curzon that "his mighty leg could kick a ball higher and farther than any other man of our recollection."



Bishop Welldon.

Medicine Versus the Law.

A contest of an unusual kind is taking place for the Dublin University parliamentary vacancy, caused by the promotion of Sir James H. Campbell to the Lord Chief Justiceship of Ireland. There is no divergence between the candidates as to politics. A lawyer has always represented the constituency, and Sir Robert Woods, the eminent physician, says he is out to break that tradition and win the seat for the school of medicine. This is why he is opposing Mr. Arthur W. Samuels, the K.C.

His First Prisoner.

I was talking the other day to an omnibus driver who had returned to his old occupation after fifteen months in France. The first prisoner he had charge of, he told me, was a Soho tailor, who explained how he was recalled to Germany in June, 1914, "for urgent financial reasons." No sooner was he back in the Fatherland than he was snatched up by the Army!

A Watch for a Loaf.

The tailor was very hungry, and exchanged his knife and watch for a loaf. I didn't want to cut friendship, so I gave him half a franc for the knife, my omnibus driver friend explained. The act struck me as one typical of the British soldier.

War-Time Hobbies.

The war has forced us all to cut down our amusements. One of the many celebrities in "Who's Who," for instance, confesses that his favourite recreations include looking at flowers, thinking of the queer things of life, and taking a sun bath. Though the latter must be difficult to enjoy frequently—and particularly just now—none of them can be termed extravagant.

Other Times—Other Manners.

These are strange times. Yesterday I noticed an advertisement in one of the morning papers: "Lady wants position in the vicinity of London as groom." What would our Mid-Victorian grandmothers have said of such an innovation?



DAINTY TOILET

:: HINTS ::

Some Old-Fashioned Recipes
SIMPLE YET EFFECTIVE

BY MIMOSA

A Strange Shampoo.

I WAS much interested to learn from this young woman with the beautiful glossy hair that she never washes it with soap or artificial shampoo powders. Instead, she makes her own shampoo by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallox granules in a cup of hot water. "I make my chemist get the stallox for me," said she. "It comes only in fib. sealed packages, enough to make up twenty-five or thirty individual shampoos, and it smells so good I could almost eat it." Certainly this little lady's hair did look wonderful, even if she has strange ideas of a shampoo. I am tempted to try the plan myself.

Blackheads Instantly Go.

A VERY simple, harmless and pleasant process is now used to remove blackheads and correct greasiness and large pores in the skin. You have only to drop a tablet of stymol, obtained from the chemist, into a glass of hot water and bathe the face with the liquid after the effervescence has subsided. The blackheads will then come right off on the towel. The enlarged pores immediately contract to normal and the greasiness disappears, leaving the skin smooth, soft, and cool and free from blemish. But to make sure that this desirable result is permanent, it is advisable to repeat the treatment several times at intervals of, say, about four or five days.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

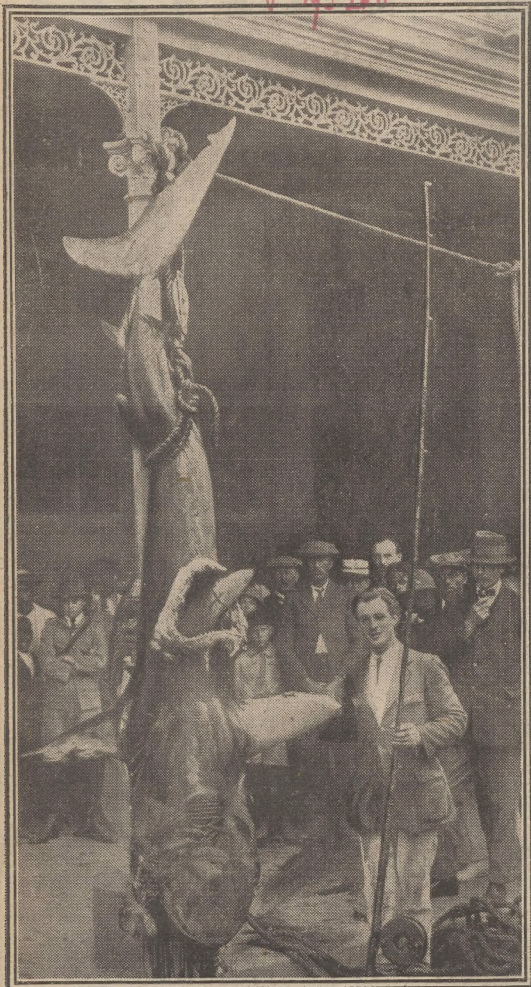
HOW to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheninol, obtainable from the chemist, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES
FOR OBESITY.—(Advt.)

Look Out for Mr. Bottomley's Article in "Sunday Pictorial"

Daily Mirror

CARDIFF MAN'S RECORD CATCH



A grey shark, 12ft. long and weighing 470lb., which was landed unaided at Durban in three-quarters of an hour by Mr. Percy Harcourt Rees, of Cardiff. It is the heaviest fish ever caught on rod and reel in South Africa. Mr. Rees is seen in the photograph holding the rod with which he made this monster catch.

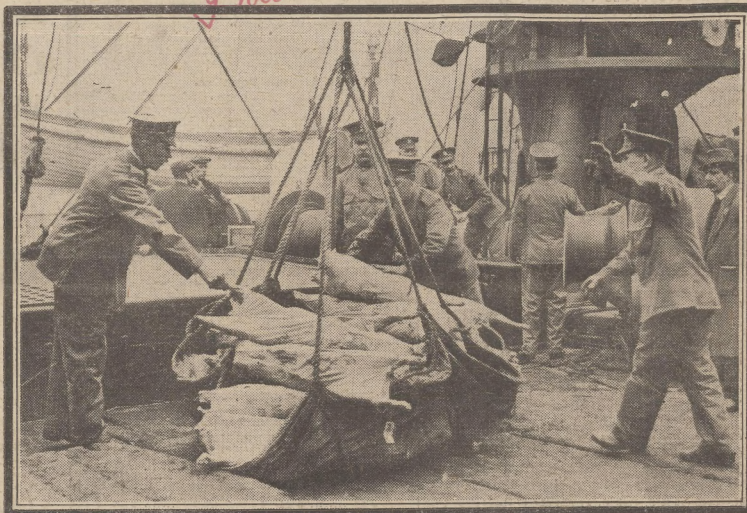
VILLAGE'S PROUD WAR RECORD



L.-Corpl. W. H. Jones. Corporal W. Gamble. Private Percy White.

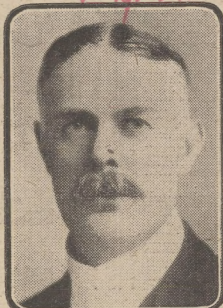
Though Sibley is only a small place, three of its gallant young men have won the Military medal for their bravery on the battlefield. Sibley is near Leicester, and all these three heroes joined the county regiment shortly after the outbreak of war. The inhabitants, who only number 2,752, are very proud of them.

DOCKERS IN KHAKI UNLOADING MEAT.



The services of the Dockers' Battalion, inaugurated by Lord Derby, are to be more largely utilised in order to speed up work at the ports, and thus enable food ships to make more frequent voyages.

MISSING MAN.



Mr. Arthur Pilkington, who left home to join the Red Cross in France. He is 6ft. 5in. in height. Write to Mrs. Smithers, 3, Pembridge Mansions, Bayswater, W.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF "KULTUR."



This photograph, entitled "The Professor as Soldier," has reached England. He has probably learnt that there are more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in his German philosophy.

WOUNDED PIERROTS ENTERTAIN THE WOUNDED.



The patients at the Brondesbury Park Military Hospital formed themselves into a pierrot troupe and entertained their wounded comrades at the General Hospital, Camberwell.